

Title: Crawworth Expedition - Day 2

Author:

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The journey through the cave was not far, and we've now arrived on what appears to be a new land. None who travel with us has seen such a place before. We are in what appears to be a

small village, though some of it appears to be in ruin.

The smell of the area is somewhat stale, as though the wind avoids this part of the land. There is light enough here to see, and we've doused the torches that we lit to travel through the cave, but it's impossible to tell where the light is coming from. I can not see the sun.

We have met some of the natives, and they speak our language, though they have not heard of Lord British! Imagine that someone who has lived all their life could not know the Lord of all the lands.

They seem to favor the same types of dress and armor that we wear, and use the same weapons.

We have met shopkeepers, blacksmiths, healers, and peasants. They speak of warring races in the area nearby, but are reluctant to go into detail.

Enas pointed out that some of the stonework on the ground seems to be in the shape of a spider and a snake, though without his trained

eye, I can make neither heads nor tales of the shapes he claims are so visible.

The peoples of this village have domesticated a creature, the likes of which we've never seen before. Tis a strange mix of bird and animal, and it can be ridden like the horses of our land! It has a head like a bird, though it's eyes show much more intelligence. Two strong, muscled legs stick out of its egg shaped body, and it has a long tail that runs to the ground.

We hope to find out more about the warring races, as that information would seem to be critical to the function that we are trying to perform whilst we are here. Some of the natives have offered to guide us, but CrawWorth seems reluctant to accept their help.

Xarot and I have found the food here to be palatable, and Enas has gone to work making preliminary sketches of the riding bird. I noticed CrawWorth speaking quietly to Michelle, and felt an involuntary shudder of jealousy. She quickly disappeared through the growing number of gawkers who have come to see the strangers from the mountain.

CrawWorth is calling me over, and for some reason I feel relieved that he is coming to trust me. I'll write again on tomorrow.